

ACTION! ACTION! ACTION!

For God and the Dying World NOW

IS WHAT IS NEEDED!

THE



LOOK at the enormous sacrifice of time, money and strength, the Drink interest demands and receives! Let the people of God bring a tithe of such sacrifice to His cause and the world will soon be won.

WAR

CRY



VOL. XL No. 16. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] **TORONTO, JAN. 19, 1895.** [Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] **PRICE 5 CENTS.**



JAPANESE HEROISM.—Shot and bleeding as he was, with his last breath he blew the "CHARGE," and died in the fight. Christians, bring a similar consecration— and come and live in the fight for Christ and poor sinners.

HOT SHOT AND CANDIES.

I am the Lord. I charge not: The Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

God sends every bird its food, but He does not throw it into the nest: He gives us our daily bread, but it is through our own labour.

Every step with Jesus is a step upward, and a step toward victory.

He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.

The altar sanctifies the gift, and the fire burns up the dross.

The Christian's path is narrow; there is no room for idols.

Prayer is as wings to the soul and self-denial as wings to prayer.

Let us cultivate tact, not as a mere deplorable accomplishment, but as a necessary and useful quality in the service of God.

Seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, "and then," with joy shall ye draw waters from the wells of salvation.

When God intends to fill a soul, He first makes it empty.

Nothing in the Bible is more wonderful than the truth that God the Holy Ghost comes to live in men.

God never sends His children forth on an errand without equipment.

Faith is the arm that touches God and gets what it calls for.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto His name."

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."

Giving to God is no loss; it is putting your substance into the best bank.

I say unto you that except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

There are a great many people who want to become Christians, but are not willing to take up their cross.

Bank clerks sometimes make mistakes about deposits, but God keeps an unfailing record of all Christian deposits.

There is a kind of devil that is not to be ejected but by prayer and fasting.

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

There are too many people who find it hard to be religious in cloudy weather.

There is an eternal necessity of right being in order to right doing.

God created man's heart for His dwelling. Sin entered and defiled it.

There is so much to be done that needs our hands that it is a pity to waste a grain of our strength.

It is of no use ploughing the air, or trying to convince a man against his will in matters of no consequence.

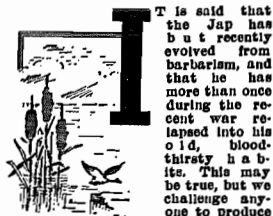
Do what you do right thoroughly. Pray over it heartily, and leave the result to God.

Satan puts a high estimate upon sleepy professing Christians.

He who would fight the devil with his own weapons need not wonder if he finds him an over-match.

THE BUGLER'S DEATH.

A Thrilling Incident in the Japanese War.



IT is said that the Jap has but recently evolved from barbarism, and that he has more than once during the recent war relapsed into his old, blood-thirsty habits. This may be true, but we challenge anyone to produce from the records of the most advanced nations anything superior to the fine spirit of patriotism displayed by the young Japanese bugler at the battle of Sung-hwan, as depicted on our frontispiece. The facts are as follows:

A bugler in the battle of Sung-hwan had been told to blow the quick notes of the "charge" now and just given a blast when a bullet struck him full in the breast, wounding him to the death. Nothing could be done for him. He was told to lay the bugle aside, as any fresh exertion would make the hemorrhage more quickly fatal. His sole reply to this was to raise the bugle once more, and for the last time, to his lips, and with

A Final, Clear, Ringing "Charge,"

his spirit passed away. When the news of his death was carried home, his father, like a true Japanese, said:

More About the Xmas "Cry."

GETS FAVOR EVERYWHERE.

Can We Not Have a Second Edition?

The Canadian Christmas Cry is a gem. "Haunted Hearts," by the Commandant, and Col. Oliphant's sketch of Mrs. Herbert Booth are the choicest of its choice contents. Toronto will have occasion to take notice of it to none this Christmas in Cry matters.—United States Cry.

The Christmas "War Cry."

The publishing department of the Salvation Army deserve great credit for their Christmas number of the War Cry. Artistically considered, the paper is entitled to rank amongst the best of Canadian productions. Nor is it lacking in literary merit. Commandant Booth contributes a copyright temperance story, entitled "Haunted Hearts." The two chapters entitled The Brewer's Ghost and The Vale of Tears suggest the conception. Its execution is worthy of the material to none this Christmas to advance the cause of Prohibition. We trust that it may be reproduced in tract form for extensive circulation. There are numerous other articles that will be highly appreciated by large numbers outside the Army.—The Templar.

A Great Number.

The Christmas number of the War Cry, the official organ of the Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland, is a beautiful specimen of the "art preservative," and brim-full of interesting reading suited to this hallowed season in which we celebrate the birth of the "Prince of Peace." On the cover appears a magnificent likeness of General William Booth, the matchless leader of the Salvation Army. With this excellent number is a clearing supplement in the shape of a lithographic reproduction of Hoffman's famous painting, "The Life Giving Touch," the original of which is now in the well-known Dresden Gallery. We expect to have the copy of our possession neatly framed. The War Cry in a new addition to our table, and receives a most cordial

"It is the lot of all men to die. My son had to die some time; hence his mother and I cannot look upon this as a mournful occasion. We rejoice that our son has been loyal to Japan, even to the point of shedding his blood in defence of her honour."

A country which can produce such fathers and such sons need fear no enemy.

Is there not a lesson? There is a lesson for the Christians of to-day!

The command of Jesus Christ

"Go Ye into All the World

and preach the gospel to every creature," is every atom as imperative as the bugler's order to sound the "Charge!" Why will not the universal Church of Christ take this command seriously and carry it out?

"We rejoice that our son has been loyal to Japan, even to the point of shedding his blood in defence of her honor," is the sentiment of a be-reaved father in a country just emerging from heathenism! Do not his words put to shame many a Christian father, who theoretically admits his responsibility to His Divine Lord, and yet gives no son or daughter to the dying millions in obedience to the Lord's command?

Action! Action!! Action!!!

is our motto for 1895. Who will act? JOHN LYNN.

welcome each week. The work of the Salvation Army is one of the greatest religious movements of the present century, and is very largely solving the oft-mooted question, "How to reach the masses."—The Daily Journal, Phillipsburg, Pa.

Xmas "Cry" Again.

AMHERST.—I must congratulate you on the get-up of the Xmas Cry. It took well here. Some thought the supplement worth more than ten cents.—Captain Penney.

BENFREW.—Kindly allow me to congratulate you on the "get up" of the Christmas War Cry, which far surpasses my anticipations, and exceeds anything yet produced in this line in the land of the maple leaf.—Captain Barrows.

CLARKE'S HARBOR.—Everybody was delighted with the Xmas Cry.—Yours in Jesus, Captain Bennett.

PICTON.—The Xmas Cry was a beauty. It has excelled itself among our customers. "Haunted Hearts" has been read and re-read by its readers. The supplement is taking its place alongside the Easter Cry in each sitting-room. I trust some one will frame one and send it along to decorate the walls of the Quarters.—A. A. Kelley.

DUTTON.—The Xmas Cry sold grand. People declared it is the best yet. Although we doubled our usual order, they are all gone.—Yours in Him, Captain Andrews.

BRANDON.—The Lord greatly blessed me while selling the Xmas Cry. The people were delighted with the supplement, and none pronounced it the best yet published.—Cadet Anderson.

The Christmas number of the War Cry is to hand. It is very neatly and attractively got up this year, and is filled with interesting and profitable literature. Amongst many others it contains several illustrations of prominent officials of the Army, with short biographical sketches. The supplement, a lithographic reproduction of the celebrated painting, "The Life Giving Touch," by Hoffman, the original of which is now in the famous Dresden Gallery, is one of the best we have seen.

THE HOLINESS GATLING.

How can you have true holiness if you neglect to obey any known command of Jesus Christ.

Says Paul, "All seek their own, and not the things which are Jesus Christ's." Do you?

Holiness is whole-heartedness for God and the dying world.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," is generally admitted to be Christ's last great order to His church. Can that be Holiness which allows that command to remain a dead letter?

Holiness gives the human spirit arms of prayerful sympathy which are 23,000 miles in their embrace. It's a dwarfed holiness which restricts its sympathy to my corps, my concern, my country.

Holiness prays in dead earnest the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His vineyard.

Holiness answers back God's "Who will go," with a glad "Here am I, send me."

Genuine holiness has a strict resemblance to Jesus Christ's life in this respect,—it goes about doing good.

True holiness does not exist in people who can pay their debts and won't.

To do unto others as you would they should do unto you, is the unalterable Holiness standard between man and man.

Singing to Jesus is a poor substitute for obeying His plain commands.

Holiness in the human spirit makes secret prayer very enjoyable.

If you want to be vigorous in Holiness get soaked in Bible teaching.

"I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in me; that the world may know that Thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me." So said the Lord Jesus Christ, and you cannot improve on His teaching.

Holiness is death on Number One. It gives Christ in all things the pre-eminence.

Down with self and up with Jesus.

Alaskan Indian Salvationists.

Ferdinand Drauer has had some wonderful experiences as a Salvationist, on board the U.S. ship "Hesper," in Alaska waters. At Port Simpson, an Indian village, of about five hundred inhabitants, the ship anchored about one mile from shore, and he was more than surprised when, at about six o'clock in the evening, he heard the dear old Army drum. He took the spy-glass and saw about a hundred Indians in a large ring, praising God and shouting "Hallelujah!" He didn't know what to think of it, as he was sure the regular Salvation Army had not come so far north on this coast.

He went ashore to find out. He discovered most of the soldiers were armed with timberie. A blind man was leading, and a number of soldiers were most enthusiastic in testifying. It was subsequently ascertained that the leader had seen the Army in Victoria, B. C., and about four years ago the Lord urged him to carry the message of salvation to his countrymen. He had since made the trip, and had seen a mighty soul-winner, and very soon this blind man and his brothers increased to a company of 150 blind-and-hearing soldiers. Brother Drauer said that the Army's operations being successfully carried on in other parts of Alaska.

THE GENERAL

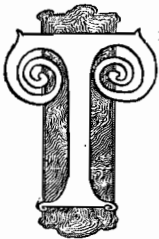
DENVER.
SALT LAKE CITY.
SAN FRANCISCO,
OREGON,
SEATTLE.

Belgian Government Sent
Representatives.

PITTSBURGH BUSINESS MEN WILL
GIVE PROPERTY.

Minneapolis and San Francisco too

CONSTANTINOPLE TO TRY.



HE enormous distances to be covered in bringing information, prevent us supplying our readers with full particulars of the General's campaign in Canada this week, but our volatile brother, Captain Shen, true Cry friend that he is, sends us from Tacoma the "Morning Oregonian" from which we call some interesting and up-to-date news respecting our General.

DENVER.

"From Kansas City we headed straight west for Denver," said the General's reporter. Here a Governor and a Judge clinched the meeting in number, attended by 10,000 people. "Forty persons were pardoned and cleansed," says the report. We may add that was the number of seekers visible. Who can tell what transpired in the inner chambers of the souls of all those 10,000 people?

Amongst Governor Walte's remarks, occur the following:

"You, my dear General, recognize poverty as the arch foe of Christianity. You would give the poor man bread instead of a tract. My war march be triumphant, for there blends with your martial music, no agonized shrieks of the wounded and dying—no, by faith we may see and hear the angelic choir as they chant from the battlements of Heaven."

Governor Walte said General Booth's name would live long after those of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon—those scourges of mankind—had passed away. He indignantly inveighed against the evils and sins of modern monopolies, instancing the building of the railroad across the bridge of Panama, every tie of that railroad representing the life of a man.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Following Denver came the campaign in the Mormon Capital.

By this time the General had become completely exhausted.

Says the War Cry man, his

Palo, Worn Face

exited the kindest interest of all who saw it. Scarcely a passenger in our neighborhood, but at one time or other during the day, solicitously inquired: "How is the General feeling now?"

"In the dusk of every evening we crept into the cabin, and while our dear leader, too weak to kneel with us, uttered his "Amen" from the couch whereon he lay, Col. Lawrence accompanied by the rest of us, wrestled with Jehovah in a "Will-not-let-Thee-go spirit. True to His promise, the God of Jacob blessed us there

and then. From that moment things began to improve."

At Salt Lake City the General addressed an audience of 7,000 persons in the Apostles' Tabernacle.

SAN FRANCISCO.

At San Francisco 12,000 people greeted the General, and the whole of the proceedings were on a proportionately huge scale.

In a splendid address, read by Rev. D. Hanson Irwin, of that city, on behalf of the Presbyterian ministers and 10,000 of the citizens of San Francisco, that gentleman said: "We believe no place on this continent so needs just the work the Army is doing as San Francisco, and we anticipate great good from your visit. The Presbyterian church rejoices in one whose labors have so signally been recognized by God's Spirit."

PORTLAND.

At Portland 5,000 people crowded into the Exposition building Music Hall, to hear him tell about his Social Reform Scheme. They willingly paid 25 and 50 cents for choice seats and 10 cents for standing room, and crowded and jostled into the great, cold, barnlike structure. The crowd was quiet, the local Salvationists, knowing the General's aversion for noise, having spread a carpeting of snowed upon the floor.

General Booth arrived at 7.30, accompanied by Judge Williams, his host. The General looked tired, and appeared wrapped in a greatcoat that concealed his flaming uniform.

Mayor Frank introduced the General, amid thundering applause.

The General is a

Forcible Speaker, Clean Cut

and powerful of voice; but last night he was suffering with bronchitis, and it required an extraordinary effort on his part to make himself heard in that great throng. His attitude in speaking is that of one who is determined to make his arguments felt—his hands behind him, his body bent forward, although erect, and shaking his head and long gray beard from time to time, as if to snap out his words.

His theme last night was his "Darkest England and the Way Out. How it May be of Benefit to America," the principles of which, as stated by the author, are "human love, motives of self interest and the mighty power of God."

In an Interview

with the General, the following remarks occur:

"My tour through the West has been a most enjoyable one, despite the long distances I have been obliged to travel, and the number of meetings I have held. In California the people gave me a greeting that I might not really expect. And so it has been all along the line."

"There is room for our work everywhere. I find a growing multitude of people who never cross the threshold of a church. There is a growing love of pleasure."

"I propose to introduce our Social Reform into every country where we can gain a foothold. Since I left London

The Belgian Government

sent over representatives to inspect the British work, with a view to commencing on a similar line. A leading banker in Constantinople came to me with a request to draw up plans for a similar institution there, and offered to back it, financially. We have a great work in Sweden. Many governments subsidize us from the public fund.

"Pittsburgh business men propose to give us property, and erect a building for us. Similar offers are being made in Minneapolis, and San Francisco is getting in line."

"The fact that this is the only method of dealing successfully with the vicious and worthless classes. The character of vice in New York is similar to that in London, but there is no comparison in this country of proportion. In this country of vast resources, almost any man can find work if he really wants it, but the

trap class is, nevertheless, growing rapidly—they are the vicious class."

"Everywhere I have been, thoughtful people have seen and felt the growing number of poor people. If the market for men closes up, what will Europe do? The Governments will have to wake themselves up, and find something else to occupy their attention than such trifling things as have absorbed them for the past few years, or we will find the prophecy of that famous French statesman coming true: 'For Europe the close of the 18th century was the terror, but the close of the 19th will be a horror.'"

"But who cares? Selfishness reigns. Every man for himself is the cry of the day. Pleasures of the day, or the almighty dollar are the ruling passions. Those are the gods in the new and the old world alike. There is more leisure in Europe—less sordid money-hunting—more worship paid at the shrine of the goddess of pleasure there than here."

"I think the race is deteriorating. There is far more of the superficial life in my years than in yours. This is a wonderful nation, a wonderful country. I wonder more at the country than at the people, for they are held together very largely, I think, by the Anglo-Saxon respect for law."

SEATTLE.

The Seattle Post Intelligencer has the following heading to a long illustrated article on the General:

"Words That Burn." General Booth Describes the Work of Salvation. Thousands Assemble to Welcome the Great Religious Leader. The Mayor and the Preachers Bless Him Godspeed, and he Holds Hopes Shrouded in the Armory. While He Pleads for the Restoration to Moral and Physical Happiness of the Denizens of the Slum."

"The people," says that paper, showed emphatically that without regard to religious differences, they honor the man who inaugurated the movement which has such noble aims of the Salvation Army."

The welcome words of Rev. W. Shanklin, First Methodist Episcopal Church, were just beautiful expressions of Christian charity and unity.

In replying to the people, the General said: "You are the people for whom I have been laboring for so many years. I am thankful to know it and it will cheer me when I lay my head down on my dying day and it will be of great cheer to me when I shall have entered into the other world to know that I have done something to help mankind, and that I have been of help to the widow and the orphan. It is my life's joy that I have been the means of assisting others to the happiness of a better life, and that is the only religion which passes muster before God."

When a reporter of the Seattle Intelligencer went to interview the Army's leader, the General asked him about his soul in the following straight fashion:

"Young man,

How is Your Soul?

Don't you lie now. They do so much lying about their souls in this country that I sometimes dread to make inquiry on the subject."

The General was writing when the interviewer arrived. "In fact," says the Intelligencer, "General Booth is almost invariably writing, except when he is preaching, praying or sleeping."



THE GENERAL ADDRESSES A CROWD IN SEATTLE.

"This letter," said General Booth, "is addressed to the Chief of Staff at London, and it instructs him to send men at once into Japan, war or no war. I have just received welcome news from Spain and Germany that work among the wicked in those countries is progressing."

After speaking of his royal reception in America and the Army's great strength in California, he continued, "It is true that from what I have seen new moves can be made which will benefit the Army, and before long I will issue orders which will assist in accomplishing the work. First, however, I will confer with my officers."

Referring to the great meeting following the following occurs:

"The address was earnest and full of good sense, pathos and faith in the work to which he has devoted so many years of his life. General Booth said that he was greeted in Seattle in the same manner as he had been all over the world. This greeting not for him personally, but for the

Lord Jesus Christ

and for him as His humble instrument. The warm greetings did not make him swell with pride; on the contrary, they humbled his spirit."

LIGHT BRIGADE.

To the Agents of the East Ontario Province,



The New Year is upon us. What are we going to do with it? I am very anxious that every faculty of soul and body should be set on foot to secure the salvation of the fallen and lost. Let us look for a moment at the asylums, the penitentiaries, the prisons, and reformatories, and ask ourselves the question, what is the cause of all this misery and agony, and woe? We must admit that

SIN IS AT THE ROOT

of it all. Now, do we, as we should, recognize in the Light Brigade a means of bringing pardon and purity and joy to those who are in misery and bondage? This is the one great aim of the movement. Every box you distribute, every cent you collect, will contribute to this. Believing this, knowing this, we should rise up and make this driving force of separate action. Let us not forget that our branch of the work is a practical soul-saving branch. As you go amongst your box-holders, be sure that you are walking in

THE LIGHT OF GOD

In the power of the Holy Ghost. Seek to be a blessing to your people. Pray and believe for souls to be saved. The Social Reform work is a soul-saving work, and as such should be pushed with all the speed possible. Men and women crying out in agony of soul for help. Will you sacrifice your time, your business, your comforts, your worldly hopes, and stretch out your hand to rescue them, from a life of misery and an awful hell? I believe you will. I am sure this is your deepest desire. God bless you! Wishing you all a holy and useful New Year, I am yours in the Light Brigade.

ADJUTANT MAGGE.

PICTON. — Jack Frost has come, but our hearts are warmer and warmer. We rejoice to say crowds are increasing. One soul saved. One brother got up after yielding and confessed he had done great wrong and has made the matter right.—A. K.

RICHMOND STREET. — Memorial service on Sunday for the late Captain T. Irvine. Present was the Captain. Three hundred people came and the service was most successful.—Bro. W. H. W. for Capt. Wiseman.

Naaman.

EXTRACTS

FROM
THE COMMANDANT'S BIBLE
READING.

Naaman, the Leper.—2 Kings, 5, 1-17.

"Now, Naaman, Captain of the host of the King of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because the Lord by him had given deliverance unto Syria. He was also a mighty man of valor—BUT—he was a leper."

This story opens with a faithful description of the qualities of a great man. The Bible here mirrors for us in one verse a character which was great and glorious, honorable and hateful, brave and weak, esteemed of men and despised of God. It shows us, therefore, the fearful possibility of having much and yet possessing nothing.

Now, observe what is written of this man. In the first place he is told that he was "Captain of the host." A big position that, not to be sneezed at, anyway; and yet see how little position really has to do with a man's true character or greatness. The quality lies in the person holding the place, not in the place itself. No misery is greater than position held without qualification. A fool on a throne is a bigger fool than one out of sight. In the higher place the necessity for wisdom renders the lack of it the more conspicuous.

Now, there is a tendency abroad you must be aware of; it is the conceit that would make you suppose that your poor position in eternity can be compensated for by your good situation in time. "Oh," somebody says, "I am a Captain;" "I am a church deacon," says somebody else, and possibly someone may go the length of saying, "I am a parson," or even "a B. A. Officer." But, hold, if you are a leper, your leprosy is all the more manifest in God's eyes because you happen to be a bit higher up than your fellows.

Position won't pass for purity, my friend. Rather than profit you, your position will cause you, should you use it as a fraud.

"What is position after all.
But highest form of shame,
If owned or held without desire
To glorify His name?"

"A great man with his master." This, too, was in Naaman's favor. He had the trust of those above him. No mere figurehead was this man. He knew his worth to the King, even though a leper. He doubtless felt he could be truly disposed with. He had been pretty successful, too, in wriggling his way into the good opinion of the King. But, successful as he was, he was a successful leper. That is the way with some of you. You stand well with those above you. They give you a character for being trustworthy and all that, but are you going to be quite stupid as to suppose you can substitute that for your standing with your Supreme Judge? Do you think the certificate of character your employer or bank manager gives you is going to pass currency over the great Bar? Not a bit of it. You may know this quite well. Then what folly it is to be thus striving for the approval of your earthly masters, while the Dispenser of your eternal well-being goes without a duty or prayer. Trustworthy and high-toned you may be, never a

ALMOST A WRECK



Not many days since, Bonnavista people were aroused and alarmed on seeing a schooner in the bay with her main-sail lowered, being carried by her fore-sail. This was a signal of distress, which brought the people running in hundreds to the shore.

The men was too rough to allow us to render any assistance. They could only stand and look on in suspense and watch her slow approach, wondering whether she would sink or make land.

But the manipulating of the pump by the sailors was evidently succeeding. It was now a case of

Work or Perish,

pump like a Trojan or drown. Still she was settling lower, in spite of every effort.

Alas! who is near on a level with the water.

But grave fears are shattered, for a shout of victory rent the air from the now

Jubilant Crowd

as she struck the shore and grounded.

Hundreds of willing hands now seized the attached rope, but their effort was rendered futile by its breaking. But a noble answered the

spot upon your precious morality, but you may be a leper for all that—a leper ripe for transmission from your place of honor to your place of torment.

"And honorable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance to Syria."

Naaman had, what you may call, worked his way up. His doings were worthy of the applause of his fellows. His popularity was well earned. We read that he "brought deliverance." That is the short cut to honor. If you want to be a hero, you have only got to bring deliverance to somebody's friend, or somebody's child, or especially to somebody's pocket. Jump into the river after a drowning child, and the newspapers will have you in big type as a veteran of the first order the next morning. Rush the entrance of some burning edifice, and you will get the shout of the multitude. Sure, fire out bread to the hungry and blankets for the sick, and you will get any number of flatterers who cannot see any further in than your shirt front, to cry, "Bless that man!" Give a thousand dollars to any some sanctuary from the grasp of the sheriff, and the worshippers will all but say their prayers to you, and will carve your name on a marble slab. The fact that your beneficent gifts come from the distillery or the brewery won't appear on the surface. Honor, my friend, in this world is one of the cheapest things going. It is often the soonest got and the soonest gone. Are you seriously suggesting to yourself that

some purpose, and by the power of the immense crowd, with a long and strong pull she was brought partially to shore.

A woman said, "Oh, what would poor John have done had they got out into Trinity Bay with nothing to save themselves? He'd be lost!"

This schooner had left King's Cove and set sail for St. John's with a cargo of fish, but before she had gone far

She Sprang a Leak.

Had they hesitated and waited a little longer, they must have inevitably perished.

Sinner, will you take this incident as a warning. Accident or death may cut you down suddenly, and you may just barely have time to escape eternal death, by starting to confess your sins to God, and forsake them now. By repenting now, you may have time to reach the heavenly port and save your soul from the death that never dies. Hurry up, then, quick action. A little hesitation on your part and you may be damned forever. Act now, then. Turn from your sins to God. Sinner, take hold of the Salvation pump. Its "pray or perish." Which shall it be?

CAPT. PAYNE

You should take the verdict of witnesses who see nought but the veneer of your character, the merest whitewash of your true self as sufficiently reliable to insure you against the withering scorn of Jehovah? Oh, this desperate tendency in us all to put the little pretti-foggings, "Well done!" of Peter Robinson and Mary Jones over against the "Well done!" of the Great White Throne. It is suicidal folly. Honorable, are you, standing well with your city, your neighbors, your family, your poor, short-sighted, short-witted, (for all men are short-witted) associates, honorable on the platform and in the pulpit, or on the Exchange, or in the business, or among the society in which you move? If you are a sinner, away with all such contemptible subterfuges. If unwashed by the Blood of Christ, and unborn into His Kingdom, you are a leper, however honorable. Your success in covering up your devilish deformity so as to win men's smiles is only an evidence of what a hypocritical scoundrel you are.

(To be continued.)

The Canadian Xmas Cry is a masterpiece. The supplement, as the Gettysburg supplement of last Easter, is a good conception and well done. As for the reading matter, rarely has anything better than the Commandant's "Haunted Hearts" graced War Cry pages. The life history of Mrs. Herbert Booth, too, is well illustrated and interesting reading.—New York Cry.

Newfoundland News.

BY MAJOR MORRIS.

The sufferings of the people blacker than when the fire was raging. Banks stopped. No life passing, no credit, no money, no food.

Cadet Arthur Legg, who had to return home some few months ago, not being strong enough for the work, passed away, dying a triumphant death. There's no fear of dying right if only we live right. Cadet lived to save others, and when his work was over, God took him to receive his reward.

Captain Snook had to return home for a little rest. Harbor Grace comrades will miss her.

Captain B. Moss takes Harbor Grace corps, and the prayer of all the Rescue ladies is, God bless her.

Captain Jost, the scribe, oh, what will 'Headquarters' be now? Of course we have a tall Scotchman who sits in the sanctum, and gets over head and ears in the multifarious duties and his local half-baked Provincial Scribe batties with. But our fortune is the Rescue 'Home's' gain.

Ensign Kennie, St. John's, gleams up every bit of help at No. 1, and the whole thing is in a complete whirl. Souls almost at every meeting. No. 1, prayer meeting 5 a.m., knee drilling, and his local half-baked prayers. Some grand cases of conversion are taking place. Ensign is nearly dancing pitch. Captain Creighton has completely surrendered to the circumstances, and yells and whoops her up in fine style.

Captain Pynn, St. John's II, pines along and reports souls. We visit her sometimes and find lots of life.

Lieutenant Bishop received his appointment from D. L., and boarded a schooner for Gooseberry Island.

Adjutant Smeaton, he forwarded from Grand Bank, and the Southern District. He has fought a good fight.

We shall miss the Adjutant. He has become all things to all men, and adapted himself to all circumstances, and set an example of endurance and cheap traveling it would not be amiss for others to copy.

Captain Burton has changed to Seilly Cove from Brigus.

Captain Payne has got some pain where he does not feel, but assure us his voice is the worst part of him. Has been given a few weeks to rest.

Ensign Gooby almost treads the whippersnaw alone away up North. He runs around and stems up the tide up to Tilt Cove and back to Twilligate, his Headquarters. He reports good times and a number of souls.

Ensign Freeman, our lightning man, was toned up to top G. The Trinity Bay District is rising, and no mistake. Souls all over the district.

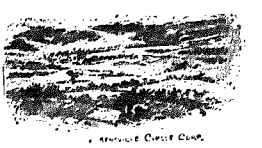
Comrades suffering all over the Island through the stoppage in commerce. Suffering cheerfully. Some soldiers without food for their families, or medicines for their sick, yet cheerful and working for God.

WESTVILLE, N. S.—Blessed week end here; beautiful crowds and order. Sunday meetings. God came very near in the morning. Three sectors. Heavenly meteors flaring across Westville skies at night. For Salvation, one of whom gave Sergt.-Major his foul tobacco pipe, who promptly put it in the stove. Monday night, splendid Social meeting; crowd interested; gave an \$11; and over; took boxes, sold uniforms; closed down 11.10. Soldiers and friends then went in for a time of recreation: finished up with a dance at 1 a.m.—Richard Pugh, P. A. G. B. M. B.



THE Land of Evangeline :

A Trip with the Kentville Circle Corps Officers.



Few people in the Maritime Provinces but have heard of the Land of Evangeline, or the Garden of Nova Scotia. It is known as one of the prettiest spots in the Dominion.

Numbers of people from all parts of the world visit this district. To the south of the Cornwallis Valley is the beautiful little town of Kentville, the Headquarters of the Kentville Circle Corps, formed about eighteen months ago.

Let me introduce you to the leader, Captain Parsons, of Newfoundland fame, also Lieutenant Stepler. You immediately begin to feel at home under the care of these lively individuals. They catch hold of your arm and take you for a walk around the town, and introduce you to some of the residents. First on the list is our S. A. veteran, Sister Mrs. Calkin, who was one of the first Army converts of Kentville, and some seven years ago. Since that time, through darkness and storm, opposition and persecution, Mrs. Calkin has bravely stood to her guns.

The scenery is sublime; you gaze in astonishment at the overhanging trees, the beautiful fields, and the quaint cottages, and you are led to wonder if the Garden of Eden was any prettier than this. But now we have arrived at the snug little home of a staunch Army friend, Mrs. Young, mother of Captain Young, of Eastern fame, who immediately makes you feel at home with a pleasant smile, and who asks a very important question, viz., "If you have taken supper?" In a few minutes we sit down to

A Sumptuous Repast.

After thanking our Heavenly Father for the food, we hasten off to the barracks.

After you mount the long stairs and open the Barracks' door, the first one to bid you welcome is Sergeant Jones, who concluded a few weeks ago that Solomon was right when he said that it was not good for man to be alone, and took unto himself a wife.



CHURCH AT GRAND PRAIRIE.

With knee-drill over, we start off on the march, cornet-playing, drums beating, flags flying. After marching around the block, you again mount the stairs, when low, you behold

A Big, Tall, Handsome Policeman,

who gives you a hearty shake of the hand and makes you feel that you have a friend and protector.

One of the first to get on his feet and give glory to God is Brother Vaughan. Before the Army came to Kentville, he was in the gutter. Drink and sin had a terrible hold upon him. As he remarks, "If it was not for the grace of God, he would now be filling a drunkard's grave, and sharing a drunkard's hell."

Who is that man who has just arisen? Why, that is Father Pearl, who was once a disgrace to himself and friends on account of the wild life he led. Drink was his besetment.

He was helplessly bound with the chains of the devil. God's eye pitied, and His arm was stretched out, so that to-day Brother Pearl is a monument of God's saving power.

Following the Lieutenant's Bible reading, and the Captain's exhortation, comes the prayer meeting, at which part of the proceedings, thank God, quite a few persons have lately taken a stand for God.

The next day we board the war-chariot, and go sweeping over the road at a rapid rate, for the Circle horse is a smart one. You find yourself in the Cornwallis Valley, and in the midst of some of the most exquisite scenery that ever presented itself to man's admiring eyes.

In fact, no pen can do justice to the gorgeous landscape, the rich pastoral beauty of

This Marvellous Section

of Nova Scotia. There are mountains on either side, well crowned to the summits with magnificent forests. In summer presenting shades of green from the lightest to the most sombre. In autumn, unsurpassingly variegated and brilliant, dressed in all colors of the rainbow, the peaceful and fruitful valley lies between. In fact, the traveller may be pardoned for imagining himself in Eden, if it were not for the sin which is apparent on all sides.

W. A.S.

(Continued.)

Travels of a Tramp Scribe.

Started at Winnipeg with a half-rate ticket good for Victoria, via N. P. Ry., through the United States. Trip would cover over two thousand miles of land and sea.

Took 30 or 40 War Crys for distribution on route. Longest delay at Winnipeg Junction, 225 miles west of St. Paul. Gave Cry to a woman who kept a beer shop. Looked savage at me at first, guess thought I was an official of Uncle Sam, to raid liquor business. Seemed glad it was S. A., and asked for Norwegian Cry. Referred her to her native country. A general store proprietor was glad to get of never saw one nor the S. A. This must have been one of the new things under the sun.

One day passed a large garrison of about 500 of Uncle Sam's soldiers. Those I saw at station seemed most-ly young men, about 17 or 18 years.

Also passed another of Sammy's institutions—a penitentiary—and saw a guard patrolling the fence with a rifle, to shoot down escaping prisoners. Felt glad I weren't a fugitive from God or the S. A.

At Helms, Montana, where Lieut. Davidson, of Fort William, used to be a soldier, and often got thumped by hoodlums, a United States Senator, Colonel Helm, got on the train. Sat by my side and read

A Canuck "Cry" and Talked Army, the General, and so forth. A few minutes after that he left me, another gentleman sat down and also talked Army. Asked me if I knew who I had been talking to. Said no. He posted me. Said Colonel was his friend, and when A. was present, he was secured by hoodlums and police. He has his legal services free to us and won us probation from hoodlums and a right to march and do about as we liked. Asked this man if he was a Christian. He said, "Me? No?" and he boited.

News agent on train told me a wonderful tale of a railway brakeman the Army got saved there. The fellow was so far below civilization, that he was "out of sight," etc. to tiump the piano for a low theatre dive, and was an opium and morphine slave. Inmates of the even shunned him and wished true one would get him out of sight. Army captured him and made a new man out of him.

Passed through a tunnel over a mile long. Had to light the lamps. They said they were always lit up in tunnel or no tunnel.

At Seattle met a friendly telegraph

operator, and once upon a time myself being of the same profession, he volunteered his services to show me around the city. First place to the Postal Telegraph office to be introduced to the boys, and also to have a chat over how we will, my brother at Winatoom. Wire down; couldn't do it. Next place, N. P. R. ticket office on biz, and then I thought I'd like to see the S. A. Headquarters. I being a S. A. Headquarters' man, wanted to see how

Uncle Sam's Headquarters

looked in comparison with ours. As usual, "comparisons are odious." Saw no elephants in sight, at any rate. Might have had one in the cupboard or under the stack of bills to advertise the General's headquarters.

P. S. S.

(To be continued.)

"The Rose of Sharon."

"Of all the flowers that God has created, the rose, take it all in all, is the loveliest and sweetest."

There are three things in perfection—shape, color, and fragrance. There are many other flowers that are very beautiful, namely, the tulip, peony, and chrysanthemum, but we could hardly call them sweet, for they give forth no such pleasant aroma as roses. So, indeed, we call it the Queen of flowers.

The rose is the most common, as well as the most beautiful, for we find it wherever we go, in all countries, and in all places. The Queen has it in her royal garden, but it blossoms against the wall of the poor cottager's hut. This is why we call it the universal flower.

"Christ compared Himself to 'the Rose of Sharon.' Does it not seem to you He is excited in comparing Himself to a beautiful flower? Let me tell you why He says that. He says, 'I am lowly and meek'; that is why He resembles the rose."

"Christ is the common property of all, the peasant as well as the prince, the rich as well as the poor, of the child as well as the full grown person. He belongs to every person who dwells in the North, South, East, or West."

"Some time ago I read a story that relates to this subject. Several years ago, there was a young man and girl that were going soon to be married; but suddenly the fever came to that village and the girl died. The people, who expected to go to a wedding had to go to a funeral. It was a sad day, and saddest of all to the young man. After his sickness was over, he ordered a stone carver to carve a beautiful rose on a stone and this he placed on her grave, and beneath that rose he wrote, 'She was just like this.'"

"In like manner, when we see the rose, let us be reminded of Christ, and say, 'He was just like this, so loving, so gentle, so tender, so kind, so sweet.'"

Not only Christ, but we too may show forth our own sweet odor to others by our good actions and conduct.

"ABE HANA,"

"Yokohama, Japan."

(The above was written by a Japanese school-girl.—Ed.)

Capt. Lewis Speaks on the Dead Past and the Living Present.

I witnessed the last moments of 1894. It was solemn to think the year was gone—gone forever. It's changes have been many; striking events have occurred during its onward march. From the throne to the cottage the call has come; our destiny is being fast approached; our time is a tale told in Sodom. The motto I have for this new year is "Redeem the time." The past is beyond redemption; cannot retrace our steps. I have consecrated my all to God's Kingdom afresh. The past I am entering into an eternal; they cannot be effaced. I am in the hands of the inflexible Sculptor. He is cutting the rough corners off. In the process of time I shall come out clean and as a shining stone in an eternal chamber for a new examination. Examine me, oh God! I want to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

CAPT. LEWIS.

An Interview in Hell.

As Suggested to Ensign Tiley at the Last Solemn Hours of the Brgone Year.

The Devil Mad Against General Booth and the Army.

At midnight there is a Council in hell, the thinkings I can see tens of thousands of fiends, leaders of God, assembled together, to meet by the old Arch-fiend Beelzebub, the deliver of nations. Silence prevails for a little space. Presently the arch-fiend arises with flaming eyes to address that terrible multitude of sinners. His voice is like thunder, and his words seem to echo and resound with terrible emphasis through hell's fiery atmosphere.

"Plans, Plans, New Plans."

he shouted, with a voice that made the hearts of fiends to quake, "Another year is gone. What have you done? Truly we have accomplished a great work and have deceived thousands of thousands."

"Fools!" muttered a fiend, and a burst of hellish laughter broke forth from the whole multitude, but the Arch-fiend gnashed his teeth. "To a certain extent our plans have failed, for've lost many a good servant and have been defeated scores of times."

The old serpent stamped his foot and gnashed his teeth again and muttered something—

"Booth!"

and again he stamped his foot. Fury and hate were to be seen in his malignant eyes. "General Booth!" he growled, and every fiend repeated the words, "General Booth, Salvation Army."

"Confound them," muttered the leader of hell, the god of this world. "Booth and his daring Army are our great enemies. How shall we defeat them? They know the very plans we make in hell, and outwit us." Again the old devil muttered between his teeth, "Booth!"

"Cannot we destroy him?" suggested a fiend.

"Never!" cried the Devil. "I've made my own plans against him for 22 years, and every fiend in hell has been let loose. We have tempted, tormented, persecuted, and cursed him in all parts of the world, and yet his Army is increasing and is destroying our Kingdom every day. At the beginning of the year our Council was against him, and our best plans were laid. Traps of all descriptions were set for him, and we went out, determined to defeat and destroy him. We have failed, but we knew our plans, and has marshalled his troops, and has travelled thousands of miles over ocean and land. He has been to Newfoundland, and harassed my Kingdom there. He has been through Canada and the United States, and is now on his way through Canada again. This tour has been most disastrous. Hundreds of our best people have joined him, stirring up the world against us."

Devil's Plans.

"Our plans must be better this year," said the Devil. "We must be more subtle; we shall work as angels of light."

"We will, we will!" shouted every fiend, and off they started on their counter-acting mission.

"Stay, stay, moment," cried their leader. "Never mind the careless soldiers, there are some that never march, scarcely ever pray, never attend a knee-drill, just come to Sunday afternoon or evening meetings, never give anything to help along the cause, always go out when the prayer meeting starts, nothing ever piques them, they are always grumbling and want to have their own way. Leave them alone. We have them. They are mine! Now go. Never cease to tempt the faithless ones—the officers, the sergeants, and the loyal soldiers; keep at them night and day, and endeavor to see you can: If you get them we are all right."

Then ended the interview in hell. ENSIGN TILEY.



THE GENERAL.

God bless our General. Latest news to hand tells of his extreme exhaustion and consequent difficulty in fulfilling engagements. Owing to this some of the towns announced to be visited may be struck off the list.

This will be altogether opposed to the General's wishes; but really, the enormous program of work our lion-hearted leader has gone through since he landed at St. John's, Newfoundland, is quite beyond the power of ordinary flesh and blood to accomplish, and we can only account for him being sustained as he is because of Divine power granted in answer to the million-voiced petition of the Army. Still, it is not to be thought, and the General must be coming very near that limit now.

The General has enjoyed his American tour immensely. The great Republic has maintained its reputation for being wide-awake, inasmuch as it has recognized most promptly and outspokenly this man who comes with the thrilling story of Christ's love for poor sinners, backed up with the testimony of fifty Heaven-blessed years of earnest effort on behalf of the temporal and everlasting welfare of the poor. He has been received better than a prince—as he ought to be—but honors have not spoiled him any more than his early difficulties overcame him; simple, alertness, whole-hearted, in earnestness, tremendous, he comes, a man chosen of God to set forth Christ's love in action, with his scheme for the bodies and souls of men, giving the world at large an object lesson in practical Christianity.

THE COMMANDANT.

The Commandant has undoubtedly literary ability of a high order. "Haunted Hearts," the Commandant's contribution to the Christmas War Cry, is an excellent consideration. It is very desirable that the Commandant should give the Army Press of his own territory a good airing of his services, and we hope that after the rush of the General's visit is over, we shall be able to induce him to write a series of sketches on various subjects, which we know will be of great interest to War Cry readers. We are quite aware that so far as he is concerned, life is scarcely worth living on account of excessive overwork. Nevertheless, we are sure he will be glad to do it if it is within the range of possibilities.

MRS. BOOTH.

Mrs. Booth wishes to acknowledge the numerous cordial letters of thanks she has received from the Field Officers in recognition to her card of New Year's greeting to them. Since her time is limited, and it is difficult to answer so many personally, she therefore responds through the War Cry.

Mrs. Booth has been deeply touched and cheered by the warmth of affection expressed by her women officers throughout the Dominion, and relies upon their declarations of enthusiasm and devotion for making the coming year a season of unparalleled blessing and progress.

VICTORY THROUGH THE HOLIDAYS.

Ensign Watson, in a personal letter to us, says: "I'm fighting the devil and hitting him hard, and he eludes me pretty badly too, sometimes, but through the power of Jesus—victory."

To the prevalence of the light-the-devil spirit may be attributed the splendid results achieved by our officers and soldiers on the field during the recent festive seasons. For records of the victories see page 9.

We hail these victories as evidences of the increase of the purely Salvation spirit amongst us. With too many, alas, the observance of Christ-

mas and New Year has developed into an opportunity for extra selfish pleasure merely, or even to a time to specially sin. The Salvation Army seizes the special chances presented on these and other similar occasions to urge the claims of Jesus Christ upon those He once came to redeem.

FIELD VICTORIES.

"Backsiders coming home, 1894 has been a year of victory to me. I have had the joy of helping three hundred and twenty-five souls to the Cross of Christ."

So says Captain Cury, of Carleton, N. B. That's a record an angel might be pardoned for envying. It's more than the Arch Angel Gabriel can say. Reader, are you looking for a "sphere of usefulness?" Do you want to save souls? Consider what the Army's privileges are in that respect and act.

"Nanman," the subject of the Commandant's paper this week, will be found excellent reading. The paper is replete with stinging truths. Further extracts will appear from time to time.

"Nanman" is appearing in the South African War Cry, and has been just published in our Australian contemporary. The old Syrian General never guessed such an Army as ours were going to critically examine his character. How necessary it is to be not only surface-good, but all the way through alike!

But let none despair. Newfoundland will survive and come out all the brighter for the crisis, just as Australia is recovering from the depression there.

With respect to the hungry crowd, who march the streets crying, "Work or Bread," every Salvationist knows his duty. We sympathize with no unconstitutional methods of getting wrong redressed, but real need must be helped as far as lies in our power. We will share our loaf with the out-of-workers, and then get them saved.

We sincerely hope that ere this "Cry" reaches our readers, the Army's organized forces 1. St. John will be engaged in ministering to the needs of the starving around.

Let us not be misunderstood. Work, whereby to earn his daily bread, is the poor man's right. Said Prince Bismarck, in introducing a bill for national assurance to the German Reichstag. "Every man has a right to work, and if he has no work he has a right to demand it;" and in the chart published with the book "Darkest England and the Way Out," which created almost as profound an impression as the Book itself, it is noticeable that inscribed on the key-stone of the Arch of our social system appears the motto, "Work for all." Let us hope that the out-of-workers will speedily have their needs supplied.

Inside the Barracks every man was taken. We had a good meeting at St. Thomas. I spent my 14th Christmas in the service of God in the S. A., being converted in the old boat-house at Reading, England. Our meeting was good. Captain Jenkins, of Berlin, stepped in and gave us a lift. We wound up with a roar at the back of the hall.—R. W. Bach.

JUST TELEGRAPHED.

— THE —

General Arrived

In the Far West.

Marvellous Reception.

GLORIOUS VICTORY.

Great Impetus to Both Spiritual and Social Wing of the Army in the West.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C., Jan. 8.—

General much worn. Commenced Second Canadian Campaign at Victoria, on Wednesday. Splendid welcome from civic authorities. Ten addresses. Commandant's train uncoupled and nine hours late. Arrived to night meeting amid great rejoicing. Opera House crowded. Premier Davie, the sympathetic chairman. Outcome, Mayor and aldermen conferred with Commandant, willing to donate building and funds, and purpose opening Shelter. Subscribed \$150 among themselves. Mid-day, Thursday, General met Cabinet, explained Over-Sea Colony. Received most favorably. Government promised, consider, communicate. Chinese meeting, evening, hundreds present. General interpreted. God spoke. Commandant prayed and played. Heavy snow fall, but good audiences.

Church at Nanaimo, Friday. Deep snow. Large Social meeting at night.

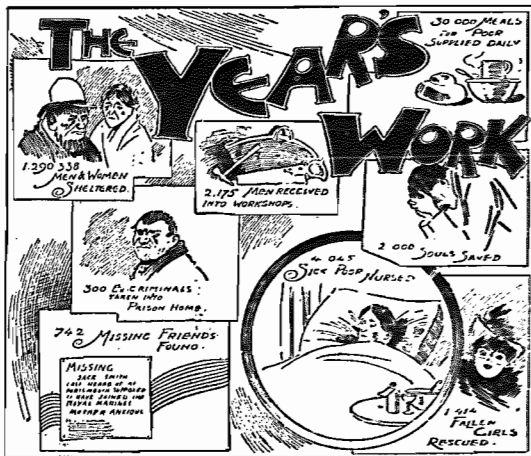
Vancouver, heartiest reception. Addresses from all classes. Great Social meeting at Opera House. Resolution unanimously carried: "This meeting requests the Army to open a Shelter, and pledges itself to support the same." Twelve captives, Opera House, on Sunday.

Yesterday, at New Westminster, fine reception, packed Opera House, earnest attention, frequent cheers. Mayor Shiles—elected three hours—chairmaned the welcome. Clear the track, we are coming East!

CAPTAIN TAYLOR

(British "War Cry" Representative)

Brigadier de Barriett took the platform at the Northern Congregational Church, Toronto. The subject of his much-appreciated and interesting lecture was "South America, and its Spiritual Need."



The British Social Gazette depicts the net results of the year's work in Darkest England by the above clever series of sketches.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

"The sufferings of the people blacker than when the fire was raging. Banks stopped; no bills passing, no credit, no money, no food."

Such is Provincial Officer Morris's summary of the condition of affairs in the Commandant's favorite Province.

Poor Newfoundland! We sympathize with our comrades in their distress, but we rejoice to know that Newfoundlanders in general, and our own precious Salvationists in particular, are a people who can smile through difficulties, and shout, "Hallelujah!" in the teeth of the wildest storms.

Adjutant Smeeton, just back from his gallant fight in the "fight little island," after presenting a son's what gruesome picture of the hardships our Newfoundland comrades exist under, declares that no happier, braver people can be found. Newfoundlanders will laugh when others would be crushed, so here's a cheer for brave Newfoundland. From the Major and his noble little wife, to the last recruit enlisted, we have faith that they will toil the more desperately for souls in proportion to the increasing difficulty of the circumstances around.

Christmas Campaigning.

Eagle is a small village. You can stand on the corner and count the houses. The Barracks is an old hotel, and we hold our meetings in the bar-room. On Sunday there were 14 on the march, and the Barracks was packed and many turned away. Get amongst these outport soldiers for liberty and go. No man dare make them afraid.

Six men and women stood under the Blood and Fire flag and were enrolled as S. A. soldiers. One man said that he had been

Trying for Eleven Years

to get into the Army some other way, without giving up his tobacco. But now he thanked God that he had got free from it all, and had liberty. Hallelujah! Another had been about the hardest case in Eagle, and if God could save him, he could save anyone.

Six men and women stood under the Blood and Fire flag and were enrolled as S. A. soldiers. One man said that he had been

Off to Dutton for the night, meeting a load of us west. Ten of us rode in a lumber wagon, but we got there just the same, and marched into town, led by Brigade Sergeant-Major Poyton, of Nyanum, with his own

Mrs. Booth

PRESIDES AT

The Opening of the Sale of Work

IN THE QUEEN CITY.

Rescue Home Industries to the Front.

For months many of our comrades in the Central Ontario Province have been working with needle and active brain to bring about a real successful sale of work. The idea first originated by the Brigadier, was to make an effort that would wipe off some of the Provincial debt, and at the same time be of real assistance to every officer participating.

The Jubilee Hall, on Monday, certainly presented a picturesque appearance. Our Indian friends from Rama were present in great style, and did all possible to dispose of their live loon and wicker baskets.

The Children's Shelter

had a beautiful flower stall, and that the Rescue people were in good form goes without saying.

Their stall, well-laden with useful and necessary articles of clothing, etc., was one of the most interesting features, taking it into consideration that the work was almost entirely accomplished by the inmates of the Parkdale Home.

Our comrades in Lindsay, Bowmanville and Orillia had also contributed, whilst here and there an article was found which had come from some grateful soul that had been converted during the visit of the Musical Troupe.

Mrs. Booth had kindly consented to conduct the opening ceremony at three o'clock, and soon after that time we were in the midst of a very enthusiastic, happy, opening gathering. Expressions of gratitude and thanks to all who had contributed to make the Sale of Work a great success fell from our leader's lips, and wishes for a very happy, holy New Year also. In order that sellers and buyers might get to work quickly, Mrs. Booth's words were very few and were none the less appreciated. Those thanks were certainly well-deserved, for a long time, Mrs. de Barrist, with Mrs. Esnig Turner, and supported by some very zealous and devoted workers in the city, have striven to make that Sale of Work a success. The difficulties had been many, but God has helped us through all to the glorious finish.

The Phonographic Service

held on Monday night, was a real treat, whilst the night and different views were exceedingly nice and very much appreciated. Selections of music were given from time to time, and our old friends from Bowmanville contributed to make things lively.

Let not our comrades, however, imagine that even on an occasion like this, soul saving work is lost sight of. Most blessed, holy meetings were held on Sunday by Brigadier and Mrs. de Barrist, and earnest, loyal, true workers, and a blessed harvest of souls was the result. Indeed, at night a nice large crowd thronged the Temple. Think God for a blessed sweep of victory.

AMIGO.

Go and warn the sinner, and if your tongue cleaves to the roof of your mouth, let it be with telling poor sinners of the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from your shoulders, let it be with knocking at men's hearts to gain admittance for Him there.

The Commandant's Doings.

WINNIPEG SOLDIERS' MEETING.

The Tribune's Notes.

DUCK-RAISING GALORE.

A SHELTER AT WINNIPEG.

A private telegram from the Commandant when en route to Victoria, leaves us to infer that our leader, in his weak state of health, felt the journey to the Coast very keenly. Ill-health, however, by no means precluded his rushing into the fray when he arrived at Winnipeg, as we learn from Soldier H. L. G.'s report, and the column and a half of space

Read led us in prayer, it seemed as though the Spirit moved among and throughout our gathering, whilst "our hearts burned within us," as is alone experienced when the Saviour Himself is near, and when in a great revival of the Holy Ghost.

The Commandant spoke at considerable length, touching upon the social and financial branches of the Army work, and their success, and he kept the profound attention of his audience. In conclusion, he dealt with considerable emphasis upon the vitality of an Army soldier, placing before us the great work that lies to be accomplished, and the responsibility of each individual. We are lamenting our temporary bereavement in the removal of our dear Major Read, owing to his serious illness.

"The Tribune" says the Commandant was so busy at provincial headquarters and visiting certain city gentlemen in connection with the proposed shelter for poor men, and "out of works" that the reporters got very little chance. Some interesting information was, however, elicited, such as:

had to extend sleeping accommodation already.

Winnipeg is Down

for a food and shelter for poor men, with additional accommodation for comfortable lodging for workingmen. This matter has been delayed long enough. I am determined to strike out and do something definite. God has given the Army great influence over and among the poor in all towns and in every city. We dare not shelve this responsibility and the talent must not be hid, but used. I am appealing to the people of Winnipeg for help to open the place, suitable premises having been found.

We can only add, God bless Winnipeg and speed on the work of temporally and eternally saving the lost.

Offers of men and money to this cause should be addressed, "The Commandant, S. A. Temple, Toronto."

WATCH-NIGHT AT TORONTO.

Mrs. Booth Leads.

'95 IS COMMENCED WITH SEEKING SOULS IN THE FOUNTAIN.

A grand sight this! The words were uttered by a Methodist friend, (who very frequently comes to have a warm at our fire,) as he gazed around on the animated sight the Jubilee Hall presented at 12 of the clock on watch night.

It was a fine sight, too. There was, I consider, a very good number present for a midnight meeting, and what is more, the power of the Lord was manifested in a pool full of seekers.

Mrs. Booth led, and there were present a large staff of officers, some of whom answered to the term "fish-ops" with alacrity when Mrs. Booth gently intimated the necessity of their doing something in the meeting.

BRIGADIER HOLLAND

delivered an earnest appeal, and was followed by Mrs. Booth in an address which bristled with penetrating points of truth, and real hot salvation shot.

Our leader declared that on account of past mercies we owed God "a true and deeper consecration." Some of the pointed questions of the address were:

"In '94 what have I done?"
"What has my life been in the past 12 months?"

"How many souls have been led to the Master's feet by my influence?"
"Are you as good in your inmost thoughts as on the platform?"

"What relationship exists between your heart and God?"
"Are you better than you were last year at this time?"

"Are you more unselfish?"
"Can you say 'the real of God's house hath consumed me?'"

The proof text around which the main thought of Mrs. Booth's address revolved, was her favorite saying of Paul: "This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, etc." At midnight the words of a

SOLEMN COVENANT

were read aloud and repeated amidst the hush of adoring consecration; then the post was opened and full salvation sought by 12 souls.

God grant an extension of the spirit of that meeting throughout '95.

JOHN LYNN.

NEW WESTMINSTER. — Although the big salmon run this year God has enabled us to cast the net out on the right side. We have been rejoicing over precious souls. Five for Salvation, and three for holiness. — Ernest Johns, B. Bess.



—From the New York Conqueror, January, 1895.

In the Winnipeg Tribune, under the heading, "Commandant Booth Speaks."

Quoting from "H. L. G.:"

Winnipeg has just been so braced up by the flying visit from the Commandant upon his way to join the General.

The Barracks was pretty well filled for the soldiers' meeting by a quarter to eight; admission by ticket. Every one met in the heat of spirits. When the Commandant arrived, accompanied by Major and Mrs. Read, a few minutes before eight, there were yells, which can only be described as "like the furious yells of the savages," which were encouraged by the hearty cheering of the staff, returned by that of our dear Commandant himself, whilst the booming of the big drums tended to remind one of the gallant relief of Lucknow.

As the Commandant and Mrs. Major

"Our industrial farm about three miles outside of Toronto is a veritable paradise. On it we have no less than 50 head of cattle, 40 cows and 200 hogs. Its size is 220 acres, 140 of which is good grain yielding land, and 40 acres is set apart for market gardening."

"Next year I mean to extend operations in the chicken and duck-raising line. I hope to successfully hatch and rear 5,000 of the feathered tribe."

Every cent of profit is dropped into the Army's exchequer to forward the work of lifting up the fallen.

"The needs of our social institutions are supplied from the produce raised on the farm. Work, too, is provided for men who need it, and the whole thing is profitable, spiritually and socially."

"The new Shelter at London, Ont., is a marvellous success. We have

A Nanaimo Miner.

Brother Duggan, the worthy bandmaster of Nanaimo, B. C., first saw the light in South Wales. He had every advantage religiously, attending the Baptist Sunday School and receiving sound religious instruction. It was a mining town, and, as was customary in that part of Wales, the boys were sent off to begin to earn their own living at an early age.

Down in the Coal Mines.

Albert's turn came at the age of twelve, but about two years previous to this, began to attend the meetings of the Christian Mission. Though differing greatly from the S. A. of to-day, it suited his fancy a great deal better than the long sermons to which he was accustomed.

He still kept up his regular attendance at Sunday School, for, thanks to his mother's careful and prayerful training, his inclinations were for good.

His work in the mines brought him into company that he should have shunned, and gradually he drifted away from home restraint, yet, although opportunity to go into sin was presented to him, his self-respect, coupled with a secret disgust for the ways of his acquaintance who repeatedly made

"Fools of themselves,"

kept him in a measure from taking part in many sinful amusements.



"THOSE WHO MADE FOOLS OF THEMSELVES."

But, have we not all found, some of us to our sorrow, that if there is a weak point where

The Thin Edge of the Wedge can be thrust in, Satan sooner or later will find it.

There was a loophole, which, had our comrade been told would be the means of his taking the first downward step, he would have thought it almost incredible.

It was

His Fondness for Music.



DUGGAN, THE MINER.

VICTORIA TO THE FRONT!



THE VICTORIA JUBILEE LASSES' BRASS BAND.

SISTER M. PORTER, SISTER MRS. BRENNAN, SISTER MORTIMER, SERGEANT COFFET, SISTER MCKIBBIN, SISTER A. PORTER, SISTER MRS. KEENE, SISTER MARSHALL, SERGEANT MRS. LINDLEY.

Christmas at Victoria, B.C.

THE LASSES BAND A GREAT ATTRACTION.

The Victoria people are never behind hand in making preparations for a "Merry Christmas." Adjutant Archibald and his braves included. Xmas day was well spent by the Salvationists of the city—march and boliness meeting in the morning; tea party at five, and a wonderful jubilee at night that brought the crowds along, so that many were forced to stand.

It was the first appearance of our Jubilee Band, composed entirely of lasses, and as they have the honor of being the first on the coast, of course everybody wanted to see them.

For the benefit of our friends who missed this privilege, we are sending their photos. God bless them! They certainly made their debut very creditably. No doubt Bandmaster A. Duggan, who with his assistant bandmen, Lewis and Kent, has taken great pains in teaching them, felt justly pleased hearing them play.

At the age of fourteen he took a trip to Manchester, and visited the famous Bellevue Gardens.

For the first time in his life he saw the glitter and attractions of the dancing pavilion. As is customary in such places of amusement, the very best of musicians composed the band that furnished the music. He listened to it. It not only caught his ear, but touched a chord in his heart.

He looked at the two or three hundred figures on the immense platform who were seemingly so light-hearted as they took part in the dance and caught their spirit. He felt an irresistible desire to be one of them take possession of him.

He saw only the bright side, but it was very bright. He went back to his own little town satisfied that he had found a source of amusement which would bring him

Never-Ending Pleasure.

With the same spirit that in after years he sought salvation, he determined to find out as that was in it. His companions gave their hearty co-operation, and a dancing-class was formed, which they kept up for some years. Before very long they were proficient enough to hold weekly dancing parties, Brother Duggan furnishing the music on his melodion.

Of course, there was plenty of liquor about on such occasions, but he was not fond enough of it to go as far as to be called "drunk."

He became interested in the saloons, chiefly for the make of the company found there; the race-course also drew his attention. He remembered how, on one occasion, proposing to race with one of his friends, and Sunday being his chief day for training, he and his brother

The meeting was led by the Adjutant and Captain Thomas.

After prayer the lasses played alone, "Anything for Jesus," and the people were so enthusiastic over it that their cheering was only stopped by another song, this time, "Death is Coming."

The Barracks was crowded to its utmost extent before the testimony meeting, introduced with a wave-offering, was commenced. Among others Brother Goodchild, of Ottawa, had a few words, and the lasses played several songs, such as "Stand up for Jesus," "We'll Form Our Battalions," and "Hiding in Thee."

There was no lack of testimony, and the meeting was kept at boiling pitch for about an hour. Adjutant and Captain Thomas pleaded with the unsaved present to seek the Christ of Christmas. We all stood and sang, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," to the united bands' accompaniment, and went into a prayer-meeting. Before the close one soul volunteered for salvation. Look out for news of a wonderful soul-saving, hallelujah time.

ANNIE REILLY,
Special Correspondent.

would start off before 7 a.m., one to attend knee-drill, the other to tramp to the race-course.

For some years he was carried along in this whirl of excitement.

During this period he seldom went to church, but often attended the Army meetings, the music and singing being the greatest attraction.

By-and-bye, his young brother, whom we mentioned before, got converted in the Army, and the wonderful change in his life told upon Albert more than all the years of preaching.

An incident happened about this time that made him think, and the result of this thinking was

Two Miserable Years

of conviction. Down in the mine one day, a very dangerous piece of roofing needed timber under it, and it was his duty to repair it. The work had to be done, but whoever undertook it did so at the peril of his life.

He knew not what to do. His life passed before him like a dream, and the awful consequences of its ending should be he called away unprepared.

At this juncture, his brother stepped forward and volunteered to go in his place, saying to him, "It's all right, I'm ready." He went; did the work and came out unhurt.

This act of self-sacrifice did more to convince our comrade of the reality of salvation than anything that had ever been said to him. He felt that it was about time to get converted, but seemed to get no further than deep conviction.

About this time he took unto himself a wife, who had been trained in the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school, and settled down to enjoy

The Bliss of Married Life.

They both attended the Army meetings, but he became more wretched every time he went. "The Spirit of God" so took hold of him that he trembled in his seat, and very seldom dared to stay to the prayer meeting.

In many different ways God spoke to him. A short time after their first child was born, he and his wife went to the Methodist minister to have it christened. The minister was an earnest, godly man, and with the little one in his arms, prayed especially that the father might be fitted to train it for God. This touched him, and made him feel his position more keenly than ever.

He attended many of the "big gals" as they are called in these days, that were held in and around his native town. One meeting in particular, held at Cardiff, and led by the General, has never been effaced from his memory.

(To be continued.)

MAQUINISTA.

Where writings have frequently appeared in the War Cry, has left this country for England. He thus describes an incident by the way:

God wonderfully blessed the meeting, the result being six souls, and the 150 men housed here completely upset. The place is in a state of excitement, and large numbers of them are under deep conviction. God only knows what will be the outcome of that meeting. I was upheld by the free Spirit of God, and my discourse was nothing but a rambling lot of disjointed, but sanctified common sense, backed home by the Holy Spirit. But I had the joy of teaching transgressors God's ways, and sinners were converted to him.

Yours in the Master's service,
THOS. WRIGHT,
Vancouver Corps.

NEW YEAR FESTIVITIES.

JOE BEEF'S—Last year we gave a Christmas dinner. This year we gave a New Year's dinner. Donations for the dinner were generously sent in by the friends in the city. We cooked sixty turkeys and geese, four quarters of lamb, 60 lbs. roast beef, and 50 lbs. roast pork, three pigs' heads, two bags potatoes, two dozen cabbages, and supplied ten dozen pies, and an abundance of tea and coffee. The dinner lasted four and a quarter hours. We served 327 full meals to poor men and some women.

Capt. Kietting did all the cooking and carving himself. He was up two nights and two days; worked like a tiger and then fell asleep. Cadet Chénalier had his hands full with the dishes, etc. Oh, such a crush! It was the biggest we ever seen. We had all we could do with an additional staff.—Geo. Fox.



BANDMASTER DUGGAN.

Read This Page, it is Full of the Racket of Battle.

From it you will get a concise view of the progress of the Salvation War Throughout the Territory.

THE GRAPHIC WAR DESPATCHES OF OUR VARIOUS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS TEEM WITH HEART-MOVING FACTS OF GLORIOUS VICTORIES ACHIEVED DURING THE FESTIVE SEASONS JUST PAST. HALLELUJAH! GOD SPEED THE SALVATION WAR!

(EDITOR).

News for this page should reach the War Cry office by noon, Tuesday. Space for Press Telegram is reserved till Wednesday noon.

We very much regret that Ensign McGillivray's splendid news, as before, reached us three hours too late for last issue.—Ed.

KINGSTON.—Glorious watch-night New Year's day, grand meetings; sixty souls for pardon and purity.—Ensign McGillivray.

BRACEBRIDGE.—Four souls in the afternoon and four at night. Deep conviction resting upon the people.—Ensign, J. W. Hay.

KENTVILLE.—And behold, it came to pass that when they counted the prisoners taken from the ranks of the enemy, that they were found to number twelve altogether, which greatly cheered the valiant men of the hosts of the Lord.—W. A. S.

BAY ROBERTS.—Sunday sixty of us met for knee drill. All day good meetings. At night three brothers got saved.—Capt. Ebsary.

MARKHAM.—A brother remarked, "Thank God that the Salvation Army ever came to this town. They have no bell, but they march out with their drum and arouse us up to duty."

MIDLAND.—The fight hard, but we know God will not let us be defeated. Crowd of Sunday very good.—Lieut. Jno. Slater.

FOREST.—Blessed time at our watch night service. One soul. Soldiers mean more than ever to live for God.—Captain Rees.

"Dry bread, and jam it down," is the bill of fare, the Captain was explaining in the meeting. So up gets some few and bring us something better; two lads come marching up the platform and hand Captain each a pie; another lady leaves some butter and pork-stew with the door-keeper, and before we leave the barracks along comes a pie. The Spirit of God is working on some. My soul is strong in the Lord.—Cadet McKay. (Pity corps' name omitted; the good givers of above deserve a mention.—Ed.)

PARIS.—Happy New Year! Indeed it was a happy one. Our new D. O., Ensign Fraser, was with us. The afternoon march and meeting was a time of great sprinkling. One soul fell at the Mercy Seat.—W. M. S. C.

WESLEYVILLE.—We were called to see two sick brothers on Sunday. We began to talk and pray to the first, and sing some songs. He professed to get free; he began to sing his hands and praise God. Then we were directed to the room where the other sufferer lay. We sang and prayed, but he did not understand it, so we had to leave him in a sad state.—Lieut. Hawkins.

FORT HOPE.—We have had quite a few souls the last few weeks. Some of them are going to make soldiers. We go ten miles weekly to a little village called Oauca. I don't think there are a dozen houses, but the crowds are really wonderful. Some nights there are over a hundred people. We have had a few out for salvation. Visit from Adjutant Magee. Bright days in store.—Capt. Brady and Torelli.



Yours, in the interests of the "Cry"
Annie Reilly

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT ANNIE REILLY

Is one of our most constant War Cry contributors. All our readers are indebted to her for her bright reports of Victoria's affairs. It is owing, also, to her diligence in reporting that the Victoria Corps gets such a good representation in the War Cry. If the Editor needs photos, or views, or a life-sketch, S. C. Annie

Reilly can always be depended on to do her best for the Cry.

This week's issue contains part of a life-sketch and also a song by Victoria's S. C.

God bless our Special Correspondents throughout the Territory. We advise them never to allow a victory to pass unreported.

fact, a triple one: a farewell to our old hall—the old year. Two souls farewell to the devil. Great free and easy meeting, and at night a musical bazaar, with the children to the front.—A Notice.

EDMONTON.—Two young men came and gave themselves to God, and last night a mother and daughter were kneeling together. Many more went away deeply convicted.—Capt. Isaacson.

EDMONTON.—Watch-night, time of blessing; well-filled Barracks. Soldiers happy. Many consecrated themselves to live true to God.—Auxiliary, 289.

THEBORD.—Watch-night service good; soldiers' meeting, grand; Sunday meetings, good all day. One man said he had walked twelve miles to Sunday's meeting, and felt he was well repaid. Deep conviction.—E. Comstock.

ST. JOHN I.—A musical meeting was announced. The people came until the building was packed to its utmost capacity. Ensign Reilly sang a most appropriate solo, playing the

concertina. The people listened very attentively; it was very interesting.—Cadet Rumsay.

MONCTON.—Christmas day Ensign gave a sketch of his life, and enrolled six recruits.—Mrs. J. S. Magee.

ATHENS.—Mrs. has a prospect of a revival. At a farm-house on New Year's night, father, mother and 12 children knelt for prayer. The Spirit of God shook the place and three of the eldest children gave themselves up to God. Four children saved in three days. Captain and Lieutenant wept and laughed and praised God.—Captain Bearehill.

TRENTON.—Christmas week the friends were running over with kindness, sending in lots of good things. Xmas day we had special meetings. One soul was captured. On Thursday night two more came out.—Cadet Jas. Bonney.

NORTH HEAD.—Brigadier Jacobs, assisted by Captain Edwards, opened our new barracks on Saturday. Meetings good all the time. Dedication service, a wanderer returned. Although there was a very heavy snowstorm, forty gathered for a watch-night.—Capt. Allan.

EDMONTON.—I love to sell War Cris. Everybody was delighted with the Christmas number. We ordered 50 extra and sold all out. God bless the War Cry.—Lieut. Hurst.

KEMP-TVILLE.—A flood-tide is coming in. Three souls. Soldiers realizing the need of clean hearts and sanctified lives to succeed in winning souls, and some have come out boldly for deliverance from imbred sin.—Capt. Coate.

OMEMEE.—Sunday we had three souls for our day's work. Sunday following blessed meetings. Bro. Lindsay, Bro. Choice, and Sister Choice from Lindsay with us.—T. S. F. D.

ORILLIA.—Souls saved every week. Nine last week. Cadet Howcroft has come to help us here in the war.—Capt. Staiger.

BRANDON.—Three souls saved. Ensign Goodwin, Captain Green and soldiers all got so happy they danced.—Cadet Anderson.

NELAWA.—Five seeking a clean heart. One sister was laid tender in her trunk. She declared at the penitent form she would burn it, and we all cried, hallelujah! A brother said he sought a clean heart to help him speak to souls when they came into his workshop.—Captain Hewitt.

GUELPH.—Splendid week-end. Watch-night service grand. Every soldier present pledged themselves to make '92 the best consolation year of their lives. Special picture on "The cause of the downfall of one of the women murdered by 'Jack the Ripper'" delivered by the treasurer. One wanderer (an ex-officer) returned to the fold. Five souls since last report.—Ben Bryan for Ensign Cass.

BRANDON.—By the time our dear General arrives we expect a mighty burst of salvation and glory. Our record for three weeks is six for salvation, and seven for sanctification. Watch-night service, a wonderful time. Five new soldiers enrolled on Sunday.—Ensign Goodwin.

OTTAWA.—Stall-Captain and Mrs. Sharp with us four days. Six souls. Christmas Day a free dinner was provided for the poor of this city, and about 200 tickets were distributed. Friends and comrades helped nobly with the food. At night a musical festival was given, the people listened attentively. Owing to food being plentiful, a free tea was given to over 50 of the poorest children on the following day.—Lieut. Harris.

West Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

From what I hear of "great lights," leading spirits, and civic, and political, and clerical, and non legal, and medical, and commercial authorities, there's going to be a great strain in several of the towns the General is down to visit in this Province, to "take the cake" in giving our G.O.M. a right royal reception.

The Honorable James Young will do full justice to the position of chairman on the 5th day of February. He will feel all the more liberty in doing this from the realization that the Presbyterian body represents him kindly placed in their commodious church at the Army's disposal.

Mr. T. Howell, the wealthy banker, will open his hospitable residence to receive the General; thus the Anglicans will effectually express their sympathy. Now, Captain Hamilton, if you are as much at the front in all other details of arrangements, you'll "get there" sure.

But Berlin is the first on the list. Here, right amongst a noble host of German people, the gentleman who has stood by the Army from its first introduction to the subjects of the "Fatherland," Lawyer E. S. Clement, Esq., a Methodist here, will introduce the General. The pastor and Board of the Evangelical Church have been good enough to say to the Army, "Bring your General and come in and make yourselves at home."

The Rev. Mr. Atkinson, of the Presbyterian Church, will entertain the General while in town.

The same night Guelph will be en fête. You have heard of the "Raymond Sewing Machine;" well, the worthy manufacturer of these useful commodities, is going to take the General in General in Guelph, while the Hon. Jas. Mills, of the Model Farm, will eloquently fill the chair. Colonel Lawley will stay with Rev. Mr. Glusford. The Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians will, therefore, be well represented. Guelph will give a mighty rousing. The leading Methodist church, through the kindness of pastor and Board, will be the rendezvous for 1,200 people.

Away to Palmerston the next morning where the General will arrive at 1.45, and enter a red-hot, though brief campaign in the Town Hall.

A huge sleigh party—that is, of course, providing a good, substantial storm of snow comes between now and then, will take the Palmerston and Owen Sound districts will join in.

Ho, for Listowel! Bells ringing, soldiers singing, friends working.

At Listowel, the Methodists are again at the front with their "dainty" church, but the church will be an Anglican this time, in the person of Mr. Featherstone. Wm. M. Bruce, Esq., will entertain the General.

But Stratford isn't going to be behind, even though it be Saturday when the General strikes it. The Hon. Thos. Balguy will take the Hon. in the splendid Presbyterian church, and will also care for the General while in town, while S. R. Hensen, ex-M. P., an Episcopalian, will propose a vote of thanks, and John Welch, a Methodist, will second it.

A fine thing is being arranged for Saturday night, the 26th. The General will have a fiery holiness convention on Sunday morning in the new Army hall, and will address the Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday afternoon, and do a big soul-saving battle at night—both the latter in the Opera House.

The magnificent Queen's Avenue Methodist Church has been generously placed at the General's service for Monday night, 28th, for the great "Darkest England" meeting.

St. Thomas is in for giving the General the best of welcomes, outdoing all others by the way. For if the best of contrasts and commodious Judge Ermatinger will take the chair. Rev. T. F. Austin, principal of Alma College, will be on hand with an address of welcome, and will also care for Col. Lawley's personal wants. Judge Hughes will do similar honor to the General.

The Opera House at Chatham has been secured.

SOCIAL GAZETTE



THE DOOR OF HOPE:
The British "Social Gazette" for Christmas was a First-Class Number. The above Picture is a Copy of the Frontispiece, and Tells its Own Story.

The Army Barracks will be the fort at Ingersoll, and the Opera House, a brand new building at Woodstock. Our tried friend, Mr. Patullo, will keep things alive here.

Gait is last but one—and then for the wind-up in the largest building the General will use in the Province—the Drill Hall in Brantford.

place on your Honor Roll? We have no corps here, and in the face of the slackness of work in the neighborhood, he has sold 24 copies of the Xmas number.

Christmas

AT THE

Honor Roll.

Toronto Rescue Home.

Capt. Corlett, Nanaimo, B. C.	110
Sister Towse, Vancouver	98
Lieut. A. Unwell, Windsor	85
Capt. Smith, Calgary	85
Lieut. Gooding, Vancouver	85
Sergt. Henderson, Ottawa	84
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John	80
A. A. Kelly, Picton	70
Bro. Hawley, Vancouver	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John	60
Lieut. Carroll, Nanaimo, B. C.	60
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	56
Ben Bryan, Guelph	54
Lieut. Davidson, Calgary	54
Bro. Terryberry, Vancouver	51
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John	50
A. A. Kelly, Picton	50
Capt. Rutledge, Listowel	48
Candidate N. McNeany, Kingston	46
Capt. Hopkins, Charlottetown	45
Bro. Slack, Nanaimo	40
Lieut. Johnson, Amherstburg	35
Sergt. Smith, Goderich	35
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	35
M. Campbell, Calgary	32
Secretary Ellis, Charlottetown	30
Sergt. Maud Hersey, Kingston	30
Can. McNeany, Kingston	30
Sister Mathews, Vancouver	28
Nellie Smith, Charlottetown	28
Muggle Smith, Listowel	27
Mrs. Rogers, Woodstock	27
Sister Mathews, Vancouver	27
Bro. Slater, Vancouver	25
Lieut. French, Clarke's Harbor	24
Brother Johnson, Amherst	21
Sergt. Hinds, Ottawa	20
Mrs. Phillips, Picton	20
Lieut. P. Moulton, Woodstock	20
Sergt. M. Hersey, Kingston	19
Rev. N. Lowney, Kingston	17
Sister Shannon, Amherst	16
Candidate P. Williams, Kingston	16
Can. Lizzie Williams, Kingston	10
Can. L. Williams, Kingston	10
Sgt. B. Dolphin, Kingston	6

Do you not think that Harry Benton, Durham's Junior, deserves a

"Oh, yes, Ensign, have a Christmas tree for the girls," said Mrs. Booth, whose aim in life is to bring joy into as many lives as possible.

So, accordingly, we find ourselves one morning a few days before Xmas wending our way to the city to secure something for our treat. "I wish we had brought the Major," remarked the Ensign, loaded down with parcels of fruit, candy, etc., which kind friends had given us.

Christmas Eve, after the girls have all retired, for you know our tree is a secret, we drag a huge tree, brought from the Social Farm and secretly deposited behind the garden fence by the Cadet from the Wilton Avenue wood-yard, into the lecture room, where, with the use of a saw, Captain Holman gets it to the proper size. We began to hang on the fruit, candy, pretty texts, books, rubbers, baby dresses, booties—for the babies must not be forgotten. Cadet Champagne would never allow that. "There is a lot of secret work going on in the world to-night," remarked some one.

"I hope they are all as happy over it as we are," said the Ensign, who does love to make people happy.

It is Near Midnight

when we survey our work, and pronounce it "done," and repair to the sewing room, where Lieut. Gerrard has some lunch for us.

Christmas Day there is quite an excitement when the time comes to strip the tree. "Just what I wanted," said two or three, and one declared it was the happiest Christmas she ever spent in her life.

But we think the best treat of all is when our red wagon is ready, and as many of us as possible went

to the Lippincott Street Barracks, where Commandant and Mrs. Booth were to hold a mass. After spending a good time there, we arrive home safe and happy.

We do feel we have so much to thank God for here in our Rescue Home, not only for temporal help, but also for the way the dear Lord gives us grace each day. Where else at Christmas time we were seeking our own pleasure, now, since Jesus of Bethlehem has come into our hearts, our great joy is to invite poor wanderers to open their hearts to Him. J. M. D.

MISSING COLUMN.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Herbert H. Booth, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

1182. TURNER, MRS. WM. (nee Mary Trebett.) In 1887 was living with husband and six children in Ontario. Last address in 1888, Curry, P. O. Ont. Then said she should be moving about twenty miles away. News anxiously sought.

1183. SLENER, WM. Left Scotland twelve years ago for America. Last letter written in May, 1892, from Victoria, B. C., when he said he had joined the Salvation Army. Age 32. Auburn hair, grey eyes, medium height. One of twins born at Cack-rinch, Dec. 17th, 1859. Father enquires.

1184. PALMER, MARY. Who left her home, Sunday afternoon, June 24th, 1894. Is asked by her anxious parents to return or to write to D. H. Watt, solicitor, 84 1-2 King St. east, Toronto.

1187. PARROTT, MR. and MRS. Last seen in 1879 at Winchester, Hampshire, Eng., when the R. R. Rifles came home from the Ashantee war. Their nephew, Frank Victor Allen, is very anxious to hear from them. Address, City Hospital, Vancouver, B. C. C. S. and English Cry please copy.

1191. YOUNG, DAVID. When last heard of was living in Dublin, Ireland. Age, 63. Occupation, rope manufacturer. Mr. James Corbett, Orangeville, Ont., is anxious to hear from him.

English Cry please copy.

1191. LITTLE, GEORGE. Last heard of in 1878. Then living at St. Joseph Island, Algoma, Canada. Age 48; dark brown eyes and hair; light complexion; height, 5 ft. 7 in. His sister enquires.

1192. BLAKEMORE, AMY. When last heard of twenty months ago, she was living at 333 Simcoe street, London, Ont. Age, 19; light complexion rather stout; height, 4 feet. Her mother is anxious.

1193. STRETTON, ROWLAND GEORGE. Sailed for Canada on April 19th, 1891. His mother is anxious for news. Age, 21 years; stout build; height, 5 feet 10 inches; auburn hair; grey eyes. When a boy he lost his finger nails through illness. He is an agricultural laborer.

1194. HAMMILL, CHARLES A. His mother has heard of since June, 1894. His last address was Care Mr. W. McLaw, Esq., 64 Conroy Street, Montreal.

1196. WAG, SYDNEY JOHN. Supposed to be in Winnipeg, Man. Age 20; fair hair, height 5 feet, Scotch. Rather stout. His mother is anxious.

1197. PACKARD, ROBERT L. Age 25; dark hair, 5 feet 8 inches; light brown hair, dark brown eyes. His last address was Regina Hotel, Vancouver, B. C. (two years ago said to October). The proprietress said to be Mrs. S. Burr, late of Winnipeg.

1198. HUTLEY, BENJAMIN CHAS. Last heard of in 1870, when his letters were addressed Parker Post-office, Wellington County, Ontario. His niece enquires.

1199. MILLER, JAMES. An Eng. Heban; age, 44 yrs. of age; height, 5 feet 2 inches; dark hair; blue eyes. Red complexion, stamens slightly. Left Winnipeg for Vancouver eight years ago. Usually attends of meetings. Anyone knowing of whereabouts, please notify Department, 261 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.

What the Salvation Army Believes.

That it is possible for the vilest on earth to be saved from hell, transformed in character by the Holy Ghost, and prepared to live for ever with the angels in Heaven.

That it is possible to live without sin, and serve the Lord in the beauty of holiness all the days of our lives.

That it is possible to possess the same mind as Jesus Christ, and present ourselves daily to God as a living sacrifice, for the good and eternal happiness of others.

That it is possible to have the principle of sin destroyed out of our natures.

That unless men repent and forsake their sins, accept the mercy and submit to the will of God, they will forfeit Heaven and be eternally lost.

That God is no respecter of persons, that He can use a washerwoman as well as a bishop to save souls; in fact, as things stand at present, He has better chance of doing so by the former than the latter.

That the most successful form of organization for the overthrow of the devil and the capture of men and women for God is the military, and that the best form of government is the parental.

That the best training a convert can have to effectually witness for his Master is active service in the ordinary work of a Salvation Army corps.

That there is only one way to Heaven, and that is by the Royal Road of the Cross. Whoever seeks another course, the same is a thief and a robber. He robs God of the honor of leading him and steals for his own use what was intended to be consecrated to God's.

That if ever the heathen are to be won to Christ, it must be on apostolic lines; that is, by men and women full of faith and the Holy Ghost. That the principles most calculated to advance the ingathering of the heathen to the kingdom of God are adaptation, self-support, and self-propagation.

That an officer should have the work of his command so well in hand day by day, for his successor, and his heart so completely in accord with the Spirit of the Cross, that at any moment he will be ready to go to the ends of the earth at the summons of his General.

That however useful they may be, forms and ceremonies, holidays, fast days, sacraments, baptisms, or circumcision, avail nothing. A new creature in Christ Jesus is the one essential.

That it is possible, after having been saved and sanctified, to be so beguiled by Satan as to fall into sin and be repeatedly and wilfully disobedient to God as to cast out the pale of the Divine favour and be eternally lost. Man is not a machine. He has a will of his own.

That the wearing of uniform is a badge of our separation from the world, a constant protest against the vanity and extravagance of the age, and an appropriate dress for upholding the military form of our organization.

That the Salvation Army is the most avowed opponent in the world against the use, sale and manufacture of any and every kind of intoxicating liquor, and requires of every soldier that they shall neither touch, taste nor handle.

That the chief duty of Christian parents is to train their children for God and His service, and to so educate, train and employ them that all their family arrangements will be subordinate to the attainment of that end.

That no improvement of the future

Competition List.

Adjutant Archibald, Victoria, heads off with 650 copies this week. Can't you make it 700, Adjutant? You'll try, won't you?

Second fiddle is played by Captain Milner, Vancouver, to the tune of 475 copies. Why not make that 500 straight off. By the way, can't you beat the Adjutant? I should think you can contrive a scheme to do it, and I'll watch whether you shall succeed. My! Would it not beat everything.

Ensign Hughes, Winnipeg, comes third with 450 Crys. He won't stay there many more weeks, and that I know. He can catch up to Captain Milner easy enough. Look sharp, Captain, or you'll be left.

Next comes Captain Corlett, Nanaimo, with 300. So far she holds that position alone, but how long will it last, for one watches you, and I tell you, watch and increase, lest ye fall out the hands of the competitor, for St. John's, Nfld., takes 275 now.

Captain Green, New Westminster, follows with 250, but little Calgary has already reached 225, and another 20 will put Captain Smith ahead of Green, and she knows her business. Ensign Lowry, of London, has not been in vain in the West, for she is an A 1 boomer and will beat likely both of them, not to mention Ensign McGilvray, of Kingston, who both are now even with Calgary.

Ensign McLean, Montreal I, gets 210, and is with all his big city behind London. But will he stay there? No, not he, if he can help it.

The Gallant 200's.

Captain Elliott, Portage La Prairie; Halifax I; Ensign Coombs, Ottawa; Ensign Alkenhead, Hamilton I; Captain Savage, Temple.

Now, which of these five will first leave the rut and increase? Let them challenge each other and we'll see.

ON THE RISE!

Between 100 and 200 Copies.

Capt. Kadey, Prince Albert . . . 175
Ensign Tilley, St. John I . . . 150
Capt. Byers, Fredericton . . . 150
Ensign Des Brisay, New South . . . 150
Ensign Goodwin, Brandon . . . 145
Ensign Watson, New Glasgow . . . 145
Ensign Wiseman, Belleville . . . 140
Capt. Massey, Port Arthur . . . 140
Ensign Frith, Ligar Street . . . 135
Capt. Isaacson, Edmonton . . . 125
Capt. Jennings, St. John III . . . 125

can be effected without disturbing the present.

That the Salvation Army Social Scheme is based on principles and worked on plans which, if multiplied in proportion to the needs of the community, would solve the Poor Law problems, provide work for all the unemployed, and considerably diminish, if not altogether convert, a Dark-England into a Brightest England.

That the safety-valve to national disruption, as well as the best guarantee or order and good government is the righteousness of the people, and their faith in and loyalty toward God. All other bulwarks are deceptive.

That sin must be attacked in its chief citadel—the heart.

That the development of character is most furthered by the fixing of definite responsibilities, and regulating the limits according to the ability and position of the persons concerned.

That greater foes to a nation's greenness than Romanism, Ritualism and Infidelity, are the spiritual death of Christians, false professors of religion, and secret and open backsliders from the love and worship of Jehovah.

Ensign McDonald, Peterboro . . . 125
Capt. Jefferson, Halifax II . . . 125
Ensign Galt, Charlottetown . . . 115
Capt. Bird, Pictou, Ont. . . 115
Capt. Gibbs, Riverside . . . 115
Ensign Hunter, Corwall . . . 110
Ensign Clark, Windsor . . . 110
Capt. Garrett, Richmond St. . . 100
Ensign Edgcombe, Lippincott St. . . 100
Ensign Lee, Owen Sound . . . 100
Ensign Miller, Petrolia . . . 100
Ensign Fraser, Woodstock, Ont. . . 100
Capt. Wiggins, Ingersoll . . . 100
Ensign Moore, Chatham, Ont. . . 100
Ensign Ayre, Lindsay . . . 100
Ensign Macnamara, Brockville . . . 100
Capt. Gamble, St. John, V. . . 100
Mrs. Maj. Cooper, Windsor, N. S. . . 100
Capt. Fynn, St. John II . . . 100

Now, I want to say that there will be a terrific battle going on between those Knights of the Rising Sun. For instance, Ensign Des Brisay will want to beat Prince Albert in the West, while Ensign Goodwin, of Brandon, will rival with her. What a tug-of-war there will be between those two Amazons of the Cross. Now, look out for blood.

Then there is Ensign Frith, of Ligar Street. She has faith, and if she gets the War Cry fury too, she'll be in for licking somebody. It won't take much to get right over Ensign Tilley, of St. John I, and then there will be a spill.

Do you think that Ensign Galt will be contented to stop at 115? No, I don't believe it. She will not stay behind Edmonton of the West. Now, the reputation of the East is at stake!

There is just a dozen of hundreds. Somebody will get a move on and get over the 100 line. I know, but I won't tell it now.

Hereafter only those who raise their Cry will appear in this column, as far as all corps taking 100 Crys and over are concerned. Now, push her along, ladies and gentlemen.

Next week we will give corps taking less than one hundred copies and names of ALL RISERS.

The Cry
The War Cry,
The beautiful Cry,
I'll try,
And you try,
And we all have a try.

Beware of the Black List, which will surely find you out!

SPOENDYKE, Jr.

That a Salvation Army corps will never be perfect until every soldier has some personal and well-defined work in hand for the direct saving of souls.

THANKS.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the generous Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

Women's Shelter.—Mrs. Lightfoot, vegetables; Harvill, celery, cabbage; Nameth, bread; Thomas, cabbage; Cuff, chickens and headcheese; Welch, meat; Mrs. Ryan, fruit; Hubbard, quinces; Clemens, pears; Hanks, apples; Smith, pears; Parker, meat; Williams, meat; Grocery, corner Bay and Richmond Streets, beans; Vogan, bread; Johnson, tins; Graham, bread and tins; Eckhardt, tea; Larkin, tea; Bradford, flour; Roberts, carrots; McBeth, raisins, flour, peas; Mrs. Booth (Church Street) pears; Paxton, eggs; White, apples; Barrett, potatoes; Mrs. Henry Gooderham, turkey for Christmas; McLean, onions.

Mrs. Booth had a letter from the Mother of the OTTAWA HOME, full of faith, energy, and bright spirit, showing the whole-heartedness with which she has gone into her work in meeting the Xmas. She notified the following as being sent for to Xmas dinner.—Extract from letter.

THE HUNTER GUILD'S DINNER.—Four turkeys, one goose, three chickens, beef, mutton, pig, one fruit pie, three cakes, one pot of jam, one plum pudding, oranges, apples and candies, bread enough to stuff for one to make three plum puddings. We also had one sack of flour and one sack of oatmeal.

We were continually thanking God for His goodness.

SMITH AND FRISON GATE HOME.—Mr. A. W. Orrick, tins and cakes.

If the Fetters of Worldliness have been Broken, Read this Column.



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